# IF YOU WANT NOTHING, Don't Read This Column.

Half of this column belongs to R. L. Newsom, and when paid for it gives him a considerable paid up interest in Tow Rancaganious Naws, and if customers flock to him as freely as on former advertisements, no doubt he will be able to pay for it.

Let us introduce the subject by asking a few leading apparatuments.

leading questions:
DO YOU WANT MONEY?
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT COLLECTIONS MADE? DO YOU WANT TO SELL A CASH NOTE? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO RENT PROPERTY? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

WHO HAS MORE THAN TWENTY HOUSES AND FARMS PLACED IN HIS HANDS TO SELL AND RENT. R. L. NEWSOM.

WHY? Because he makes his renters willing to pay and always collects and accounts for the rent money, and charges only a reasonable commission for his agrees, and parties having property to rent find they make more clear money than to rent out their own property.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT AN ACCOMMODATION BY PAYING FOR IT? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT TO BE ACCOMMODA-TED WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT? CALL ON SOMEBOBY ELSE. DO YOU WANT A BUILDING LOT? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT A FULL-RIGGED HORSE TEAM, HARNESS AND WAGON? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO WANT PITTSBURGH COAL? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

DO YOU WANT HANCOCK COAL FROM ONE WAGON LOAD TO FIVE THOUS-AND BUSHELS? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. Do you want to buy or rent the Dharles Mattingly Farm, 8 miles south of Cloverport? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

WANT ANYTHING BOUGHT CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT A NEW WAGON? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want a pension? I am authorized by the Pension Bureau to practice before that CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

If two young gentlemen want a nice bed-room, well finished, and in a very suitable place, CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. Do you want a Gun of any description? I am prepared to have Rifle Guns made to order. Also have arrangements for ordering Shot Guns to suit parties, at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$75.00.

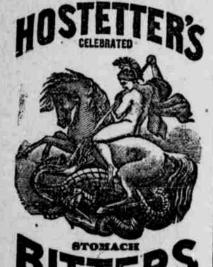
CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM. DO YOU WANT YOUR RAILROAD OR-DERJ CASHED? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Do you want the lot at the west end of Hardinsburg, just below Lucien Cox's residence, and a good spring on it? CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

Remember you can get almost anything you want for the money, and sometimes without it, depending on the humor you catch me in.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSOM.

IF YOU WANT NONE OF THESH THINGS YOU ARE HAPPY, R. L. NEWSOM.



TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
From these sources arise three-fourths of
the diseases of the human race. These
symptoms indicate their existence: Less of
Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to
exertion of body or mind, Eractation
of food, Irritability of temper, Low
spirits, A feeling of having neglected
seme duty, Dizziaess, Fluttering at the
Heart, Bots before the eyes, highly colcred Urine, Constipation, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly
on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S
FILLS have no equal. Their action on the
lidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing
all impurities through these three "scavcagers of the system," producing spotice, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear
skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S FILLS
cause no nauses or griping nor interfere
with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA
Sold overywhere, See, Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

KIDNEY-WORT HE GREAT CURE is for all the painful diseases of the MEYO,LIVER AND BOWELS. testures the system of the sorid poison states the diseaful suffering which by the victims of Rhoumatism can realise THOUSANDS OF CASES THE WORST forms of this terrible disease to been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

EX. SI. Liquid OR DRY, Soild BY DRUGGISTS DRY Can be sent by mail.

ELIS, RICHARDSON & Co., Durington V. KIDNEY-WORT

### JOB WORK

Of every class and kind neatly executed at this office.

And our prices are the same as Louisville.

# BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1883. VOL. VIII.

MY HUBBAND.

Who took me from my childhood's home, And said he'd love me all alone, And for my sacrifice atone! My husband.

Who grumbled at the breakfast cake, And bade me better coffee make, And told me greater care to take? My husband.

Whe swore because the baby cried, And to the spare room quickly hied, While I to quiet baby tried? My husband.

Who tears the buttons off his shirt, And said I could those ills avert If I was more on the alert? My husband. Who bade me rise the fire to make, While he another map should take, Although I'd been all night awake? My husband.

And when I see my mother dear, Who tries my lenely lot to cheer, Who says sho's dreadful, dreadful queer? My husband.

Who stays away till late at night. And then comes home so very tight That I nearly expire of fright? My husband.

Who breaks the china, slams the door, Leaves all his clothes upon the floor, And swears it's all a dreadful bore?

And who do I, for his dear sake, Of every sacrifice partake, Lest I his confidence should shake? My husband.

### A LITTLE PILGRIM

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

HI. THE LITTLE PILGRIM GOES UP HIGHER.

And the woman told her it was a poet who had come to say to them what had been revealed to him, and that the two with the silver trumpets were angels of the musicians' order, whose office it was to proclaim everything that was new, that the people should know. And many of those who were at work in the palaces came out and joined the crowd and the painter who had showed the little Pilgrim his picture, and many whose faces she began to be acquainted with. The poet stood up upon a beautiful pedestal all sculptured in stone, and with wreaths of living flowers hung upon it-and when the crowd had gathered in front of him, he began his poem. He told them that it was not about this land, or anything that happened in it, which they knew as he did, but that it was a story of the old time, when men were walking in darkness, and when no one knew the true meaning even of what he himself did, but had to go on as if blindly, stumbling and groping with their hands. And "Oh, brethren," he said, "though all is more beautiful and joyful kere where we know, yet to remember the days when we knew not, and the ways when all was uncertain, and the end could not be distinguished from the beginning, is sweet and dear; and that which was done in the dim twilight Father himself loves to hear of those who, having not seen, loved, and who learned without any teacher, and followed the light

hough they did not understand."

And then he told them the story of one

who had lived in the old time; and in that air, which seemed to be made of sunshine. and amid all those stately palaces, he described to them the little earth which they had left behind-the skies that were covered with clouds, and the ways that were so ough and stony, and the cruelty of the oppressor; and the cries of those that were oppressed. And he showed the sickness and the troubles, and the sorrow and danger; and how Death stalked about, and fore heart from heart; and how sometimes the strongest would fail, and the truest fall under the power of a lie, and the tenderest forget to be kind; and how evil things lurked in every corner to beguile the dwellers there; and how the days were short and the nights dark, and life so little that by the time a man had learned something it was his hour to die. "What can a soul do that is born there?" he cried; "for war is there and fighting, and perplexity and darkness; and no man knows if that which he does will be for good or evil, or can tell which is the best way, or know the end from the beginning; and those he loves the most are a mystery to him, and their thoughts be-

yond his reach. And clouds are between him and the Father, and he is deceived with false gods and false teachers, who make him to love a lie." The people who were listening held their breath, and a shadow like a cloud fell on them, and they remembered and knew that it was true. But the next moment their hearts rebelled and one and another would have spoken, and the little Pilgrim herself had almost cried out and made her plea for the dear earth which she loved; when he suddenly drew forth his voice again like a great song. "Oh, dear mother earth," he cried; "oh, little world and great, forgive thy son! for lovely thou art and dear, and the sun of God shines upon thee, and the sweet loved and died, and are come hence to

with wonder and interest, but had no sing, too, a soft melody of its own, were, to a tale that is told. The poet and period of the story there was a deep breath neighbor, and some grasped each other's hands as they remembered all that was in the past, but the strangers listened and gazed and observed all, as those who listen and are instructed in something beyoud their knowledge. The little Pilgrim stood all this time not knowing where she was, so intent was she upon the tale; and as she listened it seemed to her that all her own life was rolling out before her, and she remembered the things that had been, and perceived how all had been shaped and guided, and trembled a little for the brother who was in danger, yet knew that all would be well.

The woman who had been at her side listened too with all her heart, saying to herself, as she stood in the crowd, "He has left nothing out! The little days they were so short, and the skies would change all in a moment and one's heart with them. How he brings it all back!" And she put up her hand to dry away a tear from her eyes, though her face all the time was shining with the recollection. The little Pilgrim was glad to be by the side of a woman after talking with so many men, and she put out her hand and touched the cloak that this lady wore, and which was white and of the most beautiful texture, with gold threads woven in it, or something that looked like gold. "Do you like," she said, "to think of the

old time?" The woman turned and looked down upon her, for she was tall and stately, and immediately took the band of the little Pilgrim into hers, and held it without answering, till the poet had ended and come down from the place where he had been standing. He came straight through the crowd to where this lady stood, and said something to her. "You did well to tell me," looking at her with love in his eyes, not the tender sweetness of all those kind looks around, but the love that is for one. The little Pilgrim looked at them with her

"She has a face full of the morning," the poet said. It did the little Pilgrim good to feel the touch of the warm, soft band; and she was not afraid, but lifted her eyes and spoke to the lady and to the poet. "It is beautiful what you said to us. Sometimes in the old time we used to look up to the beautiful skies and wonder what there was above the clouds; but we never thought that up here in this great city you would be thinking of what we were doing, and making beautiful poems all about us. We thought that you would sing wonderful psalms, and talk of things high, high above us."

asks me something, and I must answer her.

I think she has but newly come."

"The little sister does not know what the meaning of the earth is," the poet said. It is but a little speck, but it is the centre of all. Let her walk with us, and we will go home, and you will tell her, Ama, for I love to hear you talk."

"Will you come with us?" the lady said And the little Pilgrim's heart leaped up n her to think she was now going to see a home in this wonderful city, and then they went along, hand in hand, and though they were three together, and many were coming and going, there was no difficulty, for every one made way for them. And there was a little ourmur of pleasure as the poet passed and those who had heard his poem made obeisance to him, and thanked him, and thanked the Father for him that he was able to show them so many beautiful things. And they walked along the street which was shining with color, and saw as they passed how the master painter had come to his work, and was standing upon the balcony where the little Pilgrim had been, and bringing out of the wall, under his hand, faces which were full of life, and which seemed to spring forth as if they had been hidden there. "Let us wait a little and see him working," the poet said, and all round about the people stopped on their way, and there was a soft cry of pleasure and praise dews fall, and there were we born, and all through the beautiful street. And the painter with whom the little Pilgrim had bless the Father and the Son. For in no talked before came, and stood behind her other world, though they are so vast, is it as if he had been an old friend, and called given to any to know the Lord in the dark- out to her at every new touch to mark how ness, and follow him groping, and make this and that was done. She did not unway through sin and death, and overcome deretand as he did, but she saw how beautithe evil, and conquer in his name." At ful it was, and she was glad to have seen which there was a great sound of weeping the great painter, as she had been glad to and of triumph, and the little Pilgrim hear the great poet. It seemed to the litcould not contain herself, but cried out, the Pilgrim as if everything happened well too, in joy as if for a deliverance. And for her, and that no one had ever been so then the poet told his tale. And as he told blessed before. And to make it all more them of the man who was poor and sor- sweet, this new friend, this great and sweet rowful and alone, and how he loved and lady, always held her hand, and pressed it was not loved again, and trusted and was softly when something more lovely apbetrayed, and was tempted and drawn into peared; and even the pictured faces on the the darkness, so that it seemed as if he wall seemed to beam upon her, as they must perial; but when hope was almost came out one by one like the stars in the gone, turned again from the edge of de- sky. Then the three went on again, and Pilgrim's thought: "When we go back," spair, and confronted all his enemies, and passed by many more beautiful palaces, fought and conquered—the people follow- and great streets leading away into the

and wondered that out of such tribulation she had loved most. And out of one of and through so many dangers all were safe | the palaces there came such glorious musand blessed here. And there were others ic that everything she had seen and heard that were not of them, who listened, some | before seemed as nothing in comparison. seated at the windows of the palaces and And amid all these delights they went on. some standing in the great square-people and on, but without wearying, till they who were not like the others, whose bear- came out of the streets into lovely walks ing was more majestic, and who looked and alleys, and made their way to the upon the crowd all smiling and weeping, banks of a great river which seemed to

his audience were as one, and at every grew everywhere, and the doors were all ing and pause, and every one looked at his still, and ready for rest if you were weary. The little Pilgrim was not weary; but the lady placed her upon a couch in the porch, and there they sat with her, and talked, told her that the earth, though so small, thoughts of those above were turned. "And one that is the scene of the struggle and the victory, and it is for this reason that tale of what our little brethren are doing. I have not to succor like some others, but only to see and bring the news; and he makes them into great poems, as you have heard; and sometimes the master painter will take one and make of it a picture; and there is nothing that is so delightful to us as when we can bring back the histories of beautiful things."

can there be on earth so beautiful as the meanest thing that is here?"

Then they both smiled upon her and beautiful thing here to see how, under the low skies and in the short days, a soul will turn to our Father. And sometimes," said Ama, "when I am watching, one will wanmy heart is sick; then come back and make me glad. Sometimes I cry out within myself to the Father, and say, 'O my Father, it is enough!" and it will seem to me that it is not possible to stand by and see his destruction. And then while you are gazing, while you are crying, he will recover and return, and go on again. And to the anheart beating, and was very glad for them, gels it is more wonderful than to us, for ren. For to look down and see how little light there is, and how no one knows what may happen to him next, makes them

> tent face, clasping her hands, and said: "But it never could be that our Father should be overcome by evil. Is not that known in all the worlds?"

and the poet broke forth in singing, and said, "Faith is more heavenly than heaven: it is more beautiful than the angels. It is the only voice that can answer to our Father. We praise him, we glorify him. we love his name; but there is but one response to him through all the worlds, and that is the cry of the little brothers, who see nothing and know nothing, but believe that he will never fail."

heart was touched; but she said:

"We are not so ignorant, for we have our Lord who is our Brother, and he teaches us all that we require to know."

"And will that be long?" the little Pil-

knowledge of the cause, and listened, as it And here there were some fair houses

said, "It is more beautiful than the most der and stray, and be led into the dark till side."

afraid who never were there." The little Pilgrim listened with an in

Then the lady turned and kissed her:

At this the little Pilgrim wept, for her

Upon this the poet rose and lifted up his hands and sang again a great song; it was in the other language which the little Pilgrim still did not understand, but she could make out that it sounded like a great proclamation that He was wise as he was good, and called upon all to see that the Lord had chosen the only way; and the sound of the poet's voice was like a great trumpet sounding bold and sweet, as if to

tell this to those who were far away. "For you must know," said the Lady Ama, who all the time held the Pilgrim's hand, "that it is permitted to all to judge according to the wisdom that has been given them. And there are some who think that our dear Lord might have found another way, and that wait, sometimes with trembling, lest he should fail; but not among us who have lived on earth, for we know. And it is our work to show to all the worlds that his way never fails, and how wonderful it is, and beautiful above all that heart has conceived. And thus we justify the ways of God, who is our Father. But in the other worlds there are many who will continue to fear until the history of the earth is all ended and the chronicles are made complete."

grim cried, feeling in her heart that she would like to go to all the worlds and tell them of our Lord, and of his love, and how the thought of him makes you strong; and it troubled her a little to hear her friends speak of the low skies, and the short days, and the dimness of that dear country which she had left pehind, in which there were so many still whom she loved.

Upon this Ama shook her head, and said that of that day no one knew, no even our Lord, but only the Father; and then she smiled and answered the little she said, "it is not as when we lived there for now we see all the dangers of it and the ed every word with great outcries of love and pity and wonder. For each one as he interest in they met with bands of singers who sang listened remembered his own career and so sweetly that the heart seemed to leap not see what was around us and about us plain. Good looks are purchasable now as that of his brethren in the old life, and ad out of the Pilgrim's breast to meet with while we lived there, for then our hearts demund to think that all the evil was past, them, for above all things this was what would have fainted; and that makes us

surrounded by gardens and flowers that open, and within everything was levely and where the pillars and the roof were all formed of interlacing plants and flowers; and explained to her many things. They was the place in all the world to which the

"But, oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what

and happy in herself; for she had not seen they have never lived there. And all the worthy of naming beside it. And this I this love before since she came into the other worlds are eager to hear what we must tell when next I speak to the disengaged awhile longer. Simpkins is in city, and it had troubled her to think that can tell them. For no one knows except people, and how our little sister brought it Egypt. They have the cholera there, you tions, especially to those which are pagan, perhaps it did not exist any more. "I am | the Father how the battle will turn, or to my mind." glad," the lady said, and gave him her when it will all be accomplished; and there And then they paused from this discourse, may happen. I shall have letters from functions.

> and she said -"You live here? and do you come hom

these pleasant places, and the-" She would have said the children, but

she saw none there. Upon this the lady smiled once more,

and said .-

one is shut out, and the children come and go when they will. They are children no longer, and they have their appointed work like him and me." "And you are always among those yo

love?" the l'ilgrim said; upon which they smiled again and said, "We all love each other:" and the lady held her hand in both of hers, and caressed it, and softly laughed and said, "You know only the little language. When you have been taught the things."

At the Waverley Hotel, Atlantic City,

iar. He told her so, and, after more conversation, he was more and more confident that he had met her before. He drubbed his memory for some time to no purpose and finally concluded that it was an accidental resemblance to some forgotten friend of other days. When he had said this, she laughed, and remarked: "You are right in your surmise. You have met me before

"Indeed! Where have we met?" "At the altar."

"The nuptial altar." "Absurd!"

fact nevertheless. Don's you know me I used to be your wife!" "But your name is Mrs. Simpkins!"

"Yes; Simpkins is the name of my last usband." "How many busbands have you had?"

"Since I left you?" "Yes; since I left you." "Only three."

"Your hair was black when-when-we "You were formerly slight. Now you

look rather rather stout.

The Trade Dollar a Nuisance. "Your face is prettier than I remembe it. Your complexion has improved." nuisance, and recommending a memorial to congress for its redemption by the gov-

"You are a remarkable woman."

BUY YOUR SHIRTS

J. D. BABBAGE

# OUR GOOD WILL

# INCREASES WITH OUR TRADE.

## OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR 1833.

The general satisfaction and universal good feeling which resulted from our "New Year's Gifts" of last year, joined with the general desire that we should pursue the same course this season, and both coupled with the fact that we are in the midst of the most successful season's trade we have ever enjoyed, prompts us once again to testify our appreciation of the continued support and increased patronage of the people by making them a number of valuable presents in token of our gratitude for their custom.

From now until December 31, when we shall make our CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, every Purchaser will receive a printed, signed and numbered, guarantee ticket warranting every article sold by us to be as low, if not lower, in price than same quality and make can be bought elsewhere. Every Patron in Every Department will receive one of the Guarrantee Tickets, no matter how small the purchase.

A \$750,00 DECKER BROS. PIANO will be given to some lady making purchase at our Store from any Department. A Pony Dog-Cart and Harness, worth \$350,00, will be given to some boy making purchase in our Boys' Clothing Department. A fine Swiss Watch, worth \$200,00, to some patron of our Men's not only of us who have lived there, but of all our brothers in the other worlds; for we are the race which the Father has chosen are the race which the race which the Father has chosen are the race which to be the example. In every age there is and Chain, Elgin works, to some patron of our Men's Hat and Cap Department. A ticket with every purchase. No one in our employ can have a ticket; these presents are for our customers.

all placed here to gather the meaning of what has been done among men. And I am one of those," the lady said, "that go back to the dear earth and gather up the tale of what our little heathers are in a difference to tale of what our little heathers are in a difference to tale of what our little heathers are made, and that we are

NO CHARGH

Is made directly or indirectly for these tickets. They are complimentary to our customers. With every stricle we sell we give a numbered, and Main, city.

A PONY to Annie B. Twyman, 1,817 W. Walnut street.

A Hunting-Case GOLD WATCH to Leslie Duesberry, 1,525 W. Jeffers are the complimentary to our customers. With every stricle we sell we give a numbered, and Main, city.

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A PONY to Annie B. Twyman, 1,817 W. Walnut street.

us what price others may name, ours are lower every time.

And in addition to this guarantee, which protects our customers at all points, we say, bring back whatever you map buy and are dissatisfied with—you can have your money returned without a murmur. We know that everothing we sell is worth the p.ice charged for it, and we would rather have our goods thag your money if you are not pleased.

KLEINHANS & SIMONSON.

A Hunting-Case GOLD watch to Lesite Duescerry, 1,025 ft. son street, city.

A SIDE-BAR RUGGY to Bowling Golliday, Russellville, Ky.

A Wheelock PIANO to Salle E. Eddy, 825 E. Main street, city.

From all of the above persons we have ocknowledgements certifying their receipt of the articles and their surprise as well as satisfaction at being Fortune's favorites. We give these names and annesses so that inquisitive persons may satisfy their curiosity and be convinced af the reality and value of the presents.

KLEINHANS & SIMONSON.

424 to 430 W. Market St., bet. 4th & 5th. Louisville, Ky. C. R. MABLEY, Special

wonder now that any one endures to the

"You are a great deal wiser than I am,"

said the the little Pilgrim, "But, though our hearts had fainted, how could we have been overcome? for He was on our

At this neither of them made any reply at first, but looked at her; and at length the poet said that she had brought many thoughts back to his mind, and how he had himself been almost worsted when one like her came to him and gave strength to his another divorce. I like it. Don't you? soul. "For that He was on our side was Are you engaged again?" the only thing she knew," he said, "and all that could be learned or discovered was not a month ago. Some respect must be paid."

and the little Pilgrim looked round upon the beautiful houses and the fair gardens, might agree better next time."

at night?-but I do not mean at night, I mean when your work is done. And are they poets like you that dwell all about in

stopped, not knowing if perhaps it might be unkind to speak of the children when

"The door stands open always, so that no

other you will learn many beautiful

Concluded next week.

### A WOMAN OF THE DAY

the other day, as it is reported, a man from St. Louis was introduced to a woman living in New York, and though he did not re member her name, her face seemed famil-

I used to be a friend of yours."

"At the altar? What altar?"

"Yes, it may have been absurd, but it is

oncluded to dissolve. Now it is yellow,

"So I am. I weigh 170 pounds, and am rapidly increasing. Simpkins doesn't worry me as much as you used to do. Content makes flesh. Any thing more?"

ernment and withdrawal from circulation

"Not at all. I am only a woman of the day. New let me question you awhile, Have you been married again?"

"Yes." "How many times ?" "Twice."

"Are you a husband now?" "No; I am a widower."

"What a pity !" "It is sad." "I don't mean that. I mean that it is : pity you were deprived of the fun of getting

"Not yet. In fact, my last wife died only "Very true. But don't be in haste. Keep

## A SCENE IN COURT.

A few years ago, in an English court, a man of high respectability was tried on the charge of forging a will, in which it was disovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Lord Denmau was the presiding judge.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor. placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign the instrument;

to which he promptly replied be had. "And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did." "Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax." "Did you see him seal it with red wax? "I did." "Where was the testator when he signed

and scaled this will?" "In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did h "About three or four inches long." "Who gave testator this piece of wax?

"I did."

"Where did you get it?" "From the drawer of his desk " "How did you light that piece of wax ? "With a candle."

"Where did that candle come from ?" "I got it out of a cupboard in his room. "How long was that piece of candle ?" "Perhaps four or five inches long." "Who lit that piece of candle ?"

"I lit it."
"With what?" "With a match." "Where did you get that match ?"

"On the mantleshelf in the room." Here the prosecutor paused and fixed his eyes upon the prisoner. He held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting on the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you you saw testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; with red wax; a piece of wax three or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle, which you produced for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle with a match you found on the mantle-

shelf?" "I did." "Once more, sir, upon your solemp oath, ou did r

"I did." "My lord," exclaimed the triumphant at orney, "IT'S A WAPER!"

CINCINNATI, Nov. 7 .- The directors of the board of trade and transportation, at a meeting to-day, adopted the report of a committee declaring the trade dollar a

The "belief that gains ground" is peculiarly attractive to the real estate buyors.

A MISSIONARY CREED.

BY REV. B. T. M'LAFFERTY. 1. We believe that for the hope we ourselves cherish as Christians, we are indebted, under God, to those missionaries of the Cross who preached the Gospel to our heathen forefathers, and consequently that all true religion now existent in the world is the fruit and effect of foreign missions.

. II. We believe that the command of Christ expressed in the great commission, makes it our duty, by all the means at our command, to preach the Gospel to the now existing heathen nations, both plain and imperative.

III. We believe that when Christians are engaged in preaching the Gospel to all naknow, very badly. No one can tell what they are exercising their first and highest

IV. We believe that in so far

pel known to all men, we are guilty of denying our Lord. v. We believe, respecting the comparative claims of the home and the foreign fields, that they can never be deemed equal in their demands upon us, till all in the latter bave

through our indifference to make the Gos-

had at least one opportunity to reject the vr. We believe that all Christians ought to testify their interest in foreign missions by an annual contribution to maintain

VII. We believe it is impossible to be sincerely interested in, and to effectively pray for, foreign missions, when having received of God, we give nothing to their support.

viii. We believe we need a revival of faith in the doctrines we teach and profess to believe respecting foreign missions-a faith acting like fire within our hearts, burning with an intense desire that all men may know and obey the same truth which has saved us.

IX. We believe that in the prosecution of the work of foreign missions, we need more of the light and power of the Holy Spirit, witout which we may have spasmodic, artificial, temporary spells of activity, but can have no permanent, persevering and successful continuance in zealous effort.

A Wife-Murderer's Fate.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 9 .- The News' Luling special says: At 12 o'clock last night 100 armed masked men quietly surrounded the house in which was confined John L. Martin, who yesterday confessed to the murdering, through jealousy, of his wife, the daughter of Rev. Mr. Newton. The guards gave Martin up on demand All night long previous to that moment the murderer had been protesting that he ought to be hanged and wanted to hang, but while being carried away he grouned piteously and prayed for mercy. At 2 a. m. another large body of armed men went to the constable's house and asked for the prison r, but left instantly when informed that they had been preceded. Martin's corpse was descovered to-day hanging to a tree in the outskirts of town.

#### Br. Coleman's Ecvival. Dr. Coleman is engaged in one of the

most remarkable meetings at Bell's Run Baptist church that has ever been known in the county, or perhaps in the state. At the close of the first week there had been sixty additions to the church, while the number of conversions is unknown, they having occurred so rapidly that no correct account has been kept. The congregations are immense, the most perfect order prevails, while the interest is still increasing rapidly and no excessive excitement whatever. The administration of baptism will not take place before Sunday, November 11 .- | Hartford Herald.

neglected, cried out as if in pain, and his mother ran to him. "Only pretending!" said young hopeful. She told him the fable of the Boy and the Wolf. "I see," he said; "I am the boy, and you are the wolf."

A sick little boy, who thought himself

Ben Batler was snowed under with a ver